Porntz Hall
3

LIFEGUARD
MULTIGRAP

6

BETWEEN THE ACTS

Friday
Sept. 16

in certain moods, like that bred in him that morning, ~~partly by the news in the papers, partly~~ by the contrast between the news in the papers & the talk over the fish, about pictures, over the coffee about the view, ~~sought talk~~ words seemed to lie flat in the sentence but kindled & became symbolical. The ~~He was the audie~~ Now he was "the audience"; not simply Giles Olivier, down for the week end, & about to see the villagers act a play; but Giles Olivier, manacled by fate to a rock & forced to behold patiently indescribable horror. The news had reached him & finished. His face expressed for a moment such loathing that his wife not knowing what to do – & indeed there was nothing she could do – abruptly knocked over a coffee cup, & then ~~the set set firmly in its dance.~~

But William Dodge caught it as it fell.

He held it for a moment: & From the faint blue mark in the stage under at the bottom he knew that it was ~~Sèvres, 18th Century, & made in~~ ~~Worcester~~ It made in England in the 18th Century. And ~~his conclusion~~ his expression, as he came to this conclusion, gave Giles another peg upon which to hang his private fiction – ~~a help.~~ For Mabel, he disliked Mrs Manners's young man. He thought him a toady, a lick spittle: he suspected his morals; placed him among the weaklings, the nondescripts. The I saw in his pale coloured face & fair coloured hair the blood of a sheltered emasculated life; no honest passion. but a simpering at the & their, a dabbling, a squeaking, & not a man to stay be a friendly terrier with a woman; like ~~A~~ but simply a – at this word, Lucia dropped her eyes & he curved out their clasped, he found he lifted & the signet ring on her finger turned redder because the pressure ~~on her~~ on the flesh of the finger. He grasped the arm of the deck chair.

as a crowed dagger.

Oh what fun! said Mrs Manresa. "a letter betray everything... a song, a dance, then a play written by the villagers themselves." "Only I suspect Mrs Jelks has had a hand in that" she added, archly. "I'm sure she's at the back of it." At least she could if she would. Now I ~~can say~~ frankly ~~speaking~~ merely, ~~you asked me to~~ I couldn't but two words to ~~Jelks a letter. I can talk.~~ ~~But that's different.~~ when it comes to writing, I don't know ~~what Jelks told you.~~ her sis- such- Charlotte and I am- one I held a pen — " she made a face. I seemed to hold a pen, feebly, in her fingers with the diamond ring. But the pen she held there, ~~[illegible]~~ absolutely refused to move.

~~And you? Of course you can write~~...

And I hate ~~in the way repeat~~ my own handwriting. It's so clumsy, so large: Very delicately William Dodge set the ~~[illegible]~~ cup down in its saucer.

But he, said Mr Manresa, referring to the delicacy with which he performed this operation. ~~Can say gently~~ while ~~like a~~ the he ~~Can say gently~~ every most beautiful hand.. every letter stroke-

They all looked at William Dodge. Isabella indeed had been watching him off & on ever since he came. And she knew that he was being made responsible, together with Aunt Lucy, for all that her husband hated. She seemed the very word Jelks had not spoken. But was it true that William Dodge was that sort? And if he was, how far was it to his discredit? Can you judge people for their physical failings? How far are we responsible? Probably he had an old a friend or picture. He was devoted to her: he to him. mother. Why do we all hate each other? And was it not possible that in a good state of society there would be complete frankness — so that

there hatreds, wh were caused by impediments, like ~~dark~~ that intervened & made people impervious to each other, and gaud:- transparency and result:- pour transparency understandy:- universal love and feeling: one sun and then though a crystal clarity & all and be light?

But what are they doing? I think I hear them. They are getting ready. They are drawing the Grove...

The Grove.

Mrs La Trobe was pacing to & fro between two slender birch trees. One hand was deep stuck in her pocket, the other held a foolscap sheet. She was reciting ~~aloud~~ ~~these~~ what was written there. What was written was tabulated. 1 2 3 4. A B C D. & so on. She had the air of a great Commander pacing his deck: the leaning graceful trees were distant ahead of them deep.

Now the sun was shining, & she had decided after a glance at the sky, shading her eyes against the attitude proper to an Admiral, that the wounded Kick the engagement entering down. Hence the hand Commander the removal of all stage properties to the Grove. And the actors which she paced, darting all responsibility, & finally consulting her disposition of forces, frowned. Hence the laughter.

The clothes were thrown on the grass. Cardboard crowns, swords made of silver ~~paper~~ paper, & tartans that were in fact red & penny Irish cloths ~~were pinched they~~ lay on the grass, or were flung on bushes. ~~The sun~~ ~~dark~~ There were pools of red & purple therefore on the green shade. Evidently & the flash of silver. The colour, thus used to attract butterflies. It was used nowadays for an of actually red or white or tawny yellows gave it off a thrill of warmth. of

not merely to the eye, but to the whole nerve fabric so that the Red Admiral was gluttonously absorbing the sweetness from the scarlet orange sunset cloud, & the white cabbage white, ~~settled~~ drank icy coolness from the silver pape. And they fanted & swooped. Lovely changing places, lovely strong.

"My gay contrast," said Mrs La Trobe. "It's beautiful. It's a scene in itself. What has the making of something. Something could be acted here. The piano, & the the further bank free. She always wanted to make something of anything that took her fancy. Something artistic nothing. Something permanent. Only then was she happy. But the-- finally she felt was, merely, transient. These butterflies... Then the children... Lois was Jenny Phillips Jones for her part. And the fidgetted. No, not yet. She said, feeling impotent to statistics what was essentially fugitive. And resumed her walk.

They called her Bossy. Her abrupt manner & stocky figure, thick ankles & sturdy thighs, her rabid decisions, ~~were not~~ did not escape ridicule. No one liked to be ordered about. Rudely. But in little troops, they appealed to her. Because someone must lead. Then they could put the blame on her. Mrs La Trobe! They called her: what the idea about the new?" David & his were of two minds about the gramophone. The gramophone was to be hidden. ~~It was~~ But it had to be close enough to the front to be heard. What about always a hitch at the last moment. Yet she had given order. The plan was decided on. "Go ~~But the track the had~~ Hurdles, which were ~~Chosen was~~

Jim Burke
Jess Hecle
Edward Taylor
Lois Heaton

straw. Where were the handles covered with straw? In
the Barn? The ~~had told~~ Fetch them. But who
had seen to it? Mr Streatfeild. Where was
Mr. Streatfeild? Johnny ran a fetch him.
Mother arrived from the village. They were
antagonistic. ~~Some~~ There were relations. One
child had been chosen, another not. Fair
~~Chad~~ hair was preferred to dark. Louie was
always favoured. And Mrs. Ebury had
forbidden Fanny to act because ~~of~~ the nettle rash.
Other ~~to~~ had another name for nettle rash.
~~to~~ The cottage was not kept clean. Mrs.
~~Bo~~ Porter's meals were also ~~no~~ irregular.
Fanny thought she had lived with a farter,
when her husband was in the trenches.
Nor were Miss La Trobe tactful. The splashed
into the fine net of mitigation plop like a
great stone, into the lily pond. Keeping
hearty interest things for the very reason. If
like Mr Streatfeild she knew. And the
variety of the young was as battle as plan,
though pardonable in the young. The boys
wanted the big parts; the girls the best
fine clothes. The expense had to be kept down.
They couldn't see how nice they looked cheaply.
Fetched: how a dish cloth wound round the head
in the open air, looked much richer than old silk.
And Mr Streatfeild ... She paced her deck
between the leafy beech trees.

The other trees were very straight. They
were colony like. Tall, straight, not too
regular, but regular enough to suggest the
column in a church: a church inhabited not:
an open air cathedral: a place where
the swallows darting seemed, by their
regularity, to be making a pattern.
Mr Tren to be making a pattern.
Dancing, like the Russian,
only not to music... Music
of their own unheard
sort.

Her voice was ~~to~~ ~~a~~ fond; she did not laugh; she was
worn & old; ~~& yet~~ ~~the~~ It was the voice of some one
who is trying to go on talking, to continue, against her own
feebleness, to continue acting charity towards a
stranger, a guest. She did not even know his name.
Twice she had said "Mr." & then "Mother."
~~She was~~
Mr. she said a third time.
They were alone with the lips that have no a
shabby bedroom. ~~It had nothing remarkable to offer.~~
The furniture was mid-Victorian. Probably Mabel —
Jehoadbed had ~~that~~ supplied it. The
carpet, which he noticed, as he stood in the middle
of the room, was covered with a pattern of
small purple & yellow dots. And
there was a circular mark where the
wash pail had stood, by the yellow
washstand. ~~It was~~ ~~they, he~~ The ~~and~~
wished very much that he could stay & stare
~~at her~~ day "I'm William." by way of
telling her that he admired the great courtesy
she showed him; ~~at~~ without ~~any thought~~
~~of for that name they thought the home was~~
Old & frail, ~~the~~ ~~still~~ naturally did the
worst stare: ~~the~~ ~~she~~ did her tricks — her
spoke he thought, not caring who accused her
of whimsicality, of misrepresenting: lately
he had ready: but now replaced; ~~by~~ for
she was ~~staying~~ talking to help him
stending a hand, ~~for~~ making, as best she could,
without caring what he thought, a light
handrail to help him up the steep place.
He was profoundly grateful — he who had
suffered, so many rebuffs: had been
never eyeed, in the course of his life, by weeks of
a unintelligible happiness. ~~He~~ F. ~~He~~ trembled
as he had been, & then X

X

He he caught an
odd glimpse of her,
reflected in the
oval glass,
an old woman,
sitting in the
bed in
which she
had been
born.

Her voice was ~~to~~ ~~a~~ fond; she did not laugh; she was
worn & old; ~~& yet, the~~ It was the voice of some one
who is trying to go on talking, to continue, against her own
feebleness, to continue acting charity towards a
stranger, a guest. She did not even know his name.
Twice she had
said "Mr." & then stopped.
~~She was~~
Mr. she said a third time.
They were alone in the big shabby house in a
shabby bedroom. ~~It had nothing remarkable to offer.~~
The furniture was mid-Victorian. Probably Mabel —
Jehoadsted had ~~that~~ supplied it. The
carpet, which he noticed, as he stood in the middle
of the room, was covered with a pattern of
small purple & yellow dots. And
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wash-pail had stood, by the yellow
washstand. ~~It was~~ ~~they, he~~ The ~~wd~~
wished very much that he could stay & there
~~at his~~ day "I'm William." by way of
telling her that he admired the great courtesy
she showed him; ~~at~~ without ~~any thought~~
~~of for that same they thought the home was~~
Old & frail, ~~the~~ ~~still~~ intently did the
moment stand: ~~the~~ ~~she~~ did her tricks — her
strokes he thought, not caring who accused her
of whimsicality, of interrupting: lately
he had ready: but now replaced; ~~by~~ for
she was ~~staying~~ talking to help him
extending a hand, ~~for~~ making, as best she could,
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oval glass,
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April 1917.

Darbin. Old Scotch witch. Pipes for Grace hardly any water.

Copying a S France by Cimabue. what I thought weaknesses are really the results of a sensibility that never understood. A sketch the composition is marvellous.

NYPL

The whole day given up to telephones at the O horrid little things. Choosing a lining for a bedspread for a disagreeable smart lady... interview with the drawing maker at Welsh Coll. who came to see the children's things.

Copies of Tiantaba Esq. open May 11th.

An entertainment at the O club.

May 15 at Dulwich. The Poussins are gorgeous my word what a composer. Also the finest Ruben in the world — & a Guido Reni wh. I found myself admiring seriously.

I've bought the Marchand & the Aspidistra.

May 17th. Will you buy me a little wool.

The 4th. is a complete frost.

Did you & I remember we take a 20 % com. on sales.

their elegant bodies swaying on their little feet as they
ran with tiny steps upon the grass.
The seemed to drink the night; the was absorbed, ~~as~~ a
thirsty person drinks a tumbler of cold water. ~~a~~
"There!" she exclaimed. Up they rose, a swooped round. – up
& away.
Now for the bedrooms. ~~The~~
The tabbed twice very distinctly. The waited.
One never knew, she whispered, whether ~~there's~~ its empty
there some one there." The listened. Then she
flung open the door.
~~No one!~~" ~~she laughed, as if she had expected~~
The room was empty. Candles stood on the
dreary table. The ~~sheets were~~ guilt was
drawn straight over the bed. It was a
spare room. ~~shadow felt~~ & very shady.
a little close; nearly smelling.
The ~~sank onto the bed~~ heart against the bed.
~~Sometimes~~
O'you like ~~very~~ over home? she asked. Imagining
~~lives~~? I think so. Yes i'e one of the people
who like home – I'm sure. Who like the sort of
room. Where, in fact, ~~my~~ many things have
happened. ~~My~~ Want I born here? I rather
think so. Born in the flesh. For, if you take my
meaning, I think we have many other lives. ~~Our~~
lives we're in others. ~~Our lives~~ Even in
Corner cupboards."
There was a great cupboard, shiny & dark, in the
Corn.
My brother & I ~~disagree~~ agree a mystery:
disagree ~~a other~~. I
Her voice died away.
It ~~struck him that she was~~ the had sunk down
on the edge of the bed, tired no doubt at her
age by all the stairs & the heat.

1917.

Clive & I had a very good time together — at least I enjoyed it — I think he did. We sat out & worked in the garden. I quite understand Magnan's passion for weeding. When once it get holds of you it becomes irresistible. I've really learnt to ~~Sey~~ Sey the property at last.

June: I've done a big composition of irises. I had a good time with Goldie & Daniel at Guildford last sunday. I wish we hedal had that halfful O talk. I know I was irritable. The O. If ~~only~~ I only could see my way to get quiet of it altogether I would.

Yes Clive's articles splendid — just what I wanted said. I hope it'll make people set up. But I believe nothing will disturb the profound self-complacency of the Eighth. Lunched at Brooks yesterday & met a Canon. Good heaven what company he keeps. He quarrelled already with H G Wells over their respective Gods.

The flat fields glared in front of them: green yellow blue: green blue yellow. & so on & so on: repeating the colour & the pattern till they turned to haze.

'Come!" said Mrs Swithin ~~[illegible]~~ ~~abruptly~~.

The spoke as if the moment had arrived.

"The addressed William Dodge who sat next her.

"I'll show you the house" she said.

He rose, with the jerk of a toy pulled suddenly straight by a string.

<u>The House</u>

"This is the Grand staircase," said Mrs Swithin pausing at the bottom of the ~~[illegible]~~ flight of steps. "Now we go up."

The went up two steps in advance of the guests. Lengths of silver yellow tinted satin unrolled themselves as they mounted.

"Not an ancestress, but we pretend she is" We claim her, because we've known her off & on two hundred years.. Who painted her? Nobody of the least importance. But then we're not important people. ~~[illegible]~~ Letter County squires, Mr... Uninteresting people. Not a peer in the family. Nearly a Baronet. Yes, one. Anthony. ~~Of course they intermarried...~~

The lady is lovelier by moonlight. Then, Now the sun was pouring down on her. Then lovelier by moonlight... I'm care about ancestress? I don't. Not flesh & blood I ~~mean~~ ancestress. Spirit ancestress... people one's descended from by way of the mind. I mean, ports.. ~~I was~~ I'm very loud of poetry. ~~To are you~~ There are a few books" she pointed. They were passing a book case such level with the walk in the passage, so that they were like ripply paper. The Drew he had

1917

Yeare ya Raid during hanging of pictures at Heals — shepherded into basement — an absurd & boring proceeding spoilt lunch. Gertha came for the weekend & we had Endless talks on art. G. is really passionately an artist — a most rare & refreshing thing. He went wild over my photos & reproductions. I'm taking in the little Macarthys tomorrow for the rest of the moon. Its rather a a business & I so seedy I hardly know how to make all the arrangements. feel as tho' I shd like someone to look after me instead of having to look after innumerable helpless ones.

Nov. I'm just packing off my flowers — 20 pictures all framed & frames painted & nailed in. Its been a fearful rush ending yesterday afternoon with me painting in my bedroom (for light) & Wally Lalla & Melian all trying to talk to me at once about their separate affairs.

along the backs as she paid as of she were ~~[illegible]~~ drawing mass from pan pepper. "But there damp you know: very damp. We don't lock up them as ~~they~~ ~~it~~ we should. Let me see, what comes next? The money room. ~~No I~~ ~~don't think that I'll interest you.~~ ~~We never~~ I never cared for setting there. My mother died. And it was there she received. People called. A great business was made of society. All gone. All dead. The shut the door. Dodge had only seen two chairs, facing each other, in front of which might have been a marble fireplace.

The half spend a door peeped in.

Now up again, said Mr Jewitt. The bedroom." They mounted more stairs. Up they went to bed" she observed, as of the were telling the story of her ancestor lives. "Up. up!" A house Mr... "She said, is ~~full of interest only it~~ should be shown properly: by those who ~~are in~~ sympathy with its history; & knew it, whats more. I'm only an ignorant woman. That is, I learn what I like by heart: what I dont like I ignore. The ignorant: are those who ignore. ~~But~~ I ignore a great many things. Also I forget. I'm old. I'm ~~Excused~~ new. ~~Old women are like children,~~ playing, ~~playing~~ ~~fond out to~~ grass... The slopped in the window, & knelt in the seat. Thats ~~a view I like.. But its~~ ~~But its~~ I ignore. she repeated.

On the contrary it seemed to him that she observed a great deal. Or why did she stir him to look? There was something fetful but very clear in her. The danced over the house like one of those capricious lights that passing cars shed: ~~or birds~~. ~~Sliding~~ or teen beams.

The garden was bathed in sun. The ~~shadow~~ three white pigeons had retired in the grass; as ornate as ladies in every dress, flirting, tiptoeing:

1917.

I must finish planting Cauliflowers.
the Birmingham show.
I think villadom is the cause of the war —
it must lead to such a fiera desire for
destruction
the picture exchange.
the press is just the old jibbering
jolly — the average pressman has
become by now something so demian that
there no jibbing has attention for a
menaker — Dea Callerson finish the
drawing meter cause a talked
splendidly & courageously. I went to
the Mec: & saw the B.S. pretty poor
mostly. but one or two goodish things
Sept Jan give me a sense of security of
something solid & real in a shifting world.
It was the curious feeling that I'd
found what was absolutely necessary to me
in finding you & that that was
permanent. your devoted Jean —
Kept me a Clive in Dover
the Agency for the French governess
telephone & enjoying for me all day at O.

tantalized them, because if they yielded to it, ~~reflecting~~ ~~[illegible]~~ imitating it in their own minds, ~~[illegible]~~ they would ripple & dance: they would lighten: & elongate: outlines would melt: with a sudden jerk —
Mrs Maresa's head fell as Bauds had fallen — plunging down a dark precipice, droppy suddenly...
but no: ~~they were~~ there were stragers present:
What a view! Exclaimed Mrs Manesa, putting her hand over her mouth to cover her yawn.
Come, said Mrs Jwithen, abruptly. "I'll
Show you the home..
William Dodge rose with ~~the a jerk~~
with the angular jerk ya toy pulled
straight by a string. His two had been
ripping.
What Energy said Mrs Manesa in a strangled voice
Yearly I had the courage to follow them,
Isabella said to hardly watching them go.
But she had not the courage. Her
desire to get a tumbler of water was
before and suppressed by ~~the had~~ her duty to
Jocely. Mrs Jwithen looked
very small & bent & tottered a little
as she stumbled along, with ~~At~~
William Dodge a little behind
as the ~~[illegible]~~ tales her towards the home. Bartholomew
blazing ~~[illegible]~~
Gave up the game. He was an old
man; ~~He~~ couldn't be bothered, so
his attitude seemed to protest, as he
lay back in his deck chair, his
hand dangling hay an inch above his
dog. ~~[illegible]~~ fast asleep.

1917

I got the tar paper at 2 shops. They say it will last much longer if you put battens to hold it down. Otherwise also I've found a lovely bit of some unknown mahogany article .. a beautiful piece of wood & very .. & smooth.

Dec. Viola never turned up today — these letters are the devil & there nothing so unsettles me as waiting for one who doesn't come.

Clive is amazing in the quantity & flow of his mind & the quality gets better I think.

The devil is that people like me want so many things..

Julian dragged me off to a pond some 3 miles away thro' a better N. wind to skate & I enjoyed it very much when I had once started.

I'm reading de Foe Roxana... Its the most delightful treatise in harlotry

The Love Corner.

"Well we must contain ourselves in patience" said Mrs Manresa as the laughter died away. The suppressed a yawn. Helena felt upon them. They stared at the view as if they laid the burden of speech upon the flat agricultural land. Perhaps something would happen in one of those fields to relieve them of the burden of — the burden of sitting silent in company: the pressure that had suddenly become irksome of minds & bodies so close together yet not close enough. You could not be free. You could not think, ~~nor feel~~, your own thoughts, nor feel your own feelings, nor get sleep. ~~It was~~ The heat of the sun had increased. ~~Not a~~ ~~Cloud~~ The clouds had vanished. The view now laid bare, ~~under the~~ seemed flattened & ~~stabilised~~ ~~still~~ stilled. It was ~~plain~~, ~~to~~ dull without variety. And the brick wall behind them returned the heat ~~bubble, bare~~ ~~made~~ in grains ~~for the~~ brick seemed to have fused to a ~~bubble~~ hot grain. Bart yawned. His head jerked. His yellow cheeks were flushed. His hand fell towards the dog who was sleeping ~~at H~~ beside his chair. Giles glared. Isabella felt rigidly imprisoned. Jealousy & what she supposed was desire — the hope that Rupert Haines would come — certainly tormented her; but the other people's presence forbade her to feel either distinctly. All she felt curiously was thirst. She had drunk sweet wine. She longed for a great tumbler of water. But could not go into the house & get it. She could only imagine a tumbler of clear cold water. ~~And~~ As for Mrs Manresa the longed to cuddle up ~~like~~ as a cushion the view provided them with nothing but a fantalising haze — a ripple of hot air, which

1917

What an amazing family mine is
My father has just worked out with me a
most admirable letter in the Poper Peace
proposal wh. I hope will come out &
may do good. He's of splendid about
the war. Its very odd wh. side people
come out on.
Gen the only person I feel entirely
happy with.
I think I've found a carpet that
might suit you.

Leaf beginning "But you cannot be a character ..."
floated off inside front cover. Dec. 15, 1973

But you cannot be a character in [illegible] of you are a writer. For if you are a writer, you have the power to be so many things ~~that are incompatible with~~ ~~to be~~ so many incompatible things: so cold & yet to be ~~as~~ detached, ~~to express a Coleridge~~ to ~~reveal the~~ change: & to your spots: to escape definition: to be ~~far more from the~~ to be ~~now~~ the shady & shifty, yet shrewd: & ~~[illegible]~~ & also to laugh: & get to be very serious: & then, after whining, to be as simple as a child: & then to ~~suggest~~ & ~~[illegible]~~ & ~~[illegible]~~ out shades of feeling: & then to quite [illegible] plainly to deal with matters of immediate moment. ~~By no means~~ that Dickens would have ~~left only~~ have let ~~three~~ two thirds run [illegible] his Jungen. Even the reader ~~can [illegible]~~ [illegible] There is Coleridge the humorous, Coleridge the charming; the playful, the genuine. He was a father. He was ~~[illegible]~~ the leading notes are ~~so~~ ~~[illegible]~~ amplified observed enriched with other themes. There is Coleridge who jokes: & the Coleridge who is simple: & the Coleridge who is infinitely profusely considerate: & the Coleridge who is labouring heroically to almost always under the greatest physical difficulties, to elaborate a system of theory: & the Co. who voyages through volumes of metaphysics & theology: & the Col. who ~~[illegible]~~ who has ~~such a~~ such a gift for phrases: & the Col. who, when the clouds withdraw, sees with such intense clarity: & the Col. who with infinite resources of words & other common, so often, & yet so often unexpectedly incontinently [illegible] off a phrase that roars, or penetrates: the [illegible] like a sword. From it shrewd, the [illegible]

often very dull: get again very humorous:

Lovable tumultuous apprehension.

Darts like a swallow, or

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proposal etc. I hope will come out &
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Julian dragged me off to a pond some 3 miles away thro' a better N. wind to skate & I enjoyed it very much when I had once started.

I'm reading de Foe Roxana... Its the most delightful treatise in harlotry

tantalised them. became, if they yielded to it, ~~rippling~~ ~~ropes~~ unstabling it in their own minds, ~~&~~ they would ripple & dance: they would lengthen; & elongate: outlines would melt; with a sudden jerk — Mrs Manresa's head felt as if Bart had fallen — plunging down a dark precipice, dropping suddenly... but no: ~~they were~~ there were strangers present.

What a view! Exclaimed Mrs Manresa, putting her hand over her mouth to cover her yawn. Come, said Mrs Swithin, abruptly. "I'll show you the house..

William Dodge rose with ~~to a jerk~~ with the angular jerk of a toy pulled straight by a string. He too had been rippling.

What energy said Mrs Manresa. in a strangled voice. If only I had the courage to follow them, Isabella said to herself watching them go. But she had not the courage. Her desire to get a tumbler of water was petering out; influenced by ~~the had~~ her duty to Society. Mrs Swithin looked very small & bent & tottered a little as she stumbled along, with William Dodge a little behind ~~him~~ her towards the house, on the ~~brick~~ blazing ~~lawn~~. Bartholomew gave up the game. He was an old man; ~~He~~ couldn't be bothered, so his attitude seemed to protest, as he lay back in his deck chair, his hand dangling half an inch above the Dog. ~~[illegible]~~ fast asleep.

1917.

I must finish planting Cauliflowers.
the Birmingham show.
I think villadom is the cause of the war —
it must lead to such a fiera desire for
destruction
the picture exchange.
the press is just the old gibbering
folly — the average pressman has
become by now something so demian that
there no getting his attention for a
minute — Dea Callerson finish the
drawing matter came & talked
splendidly & courageously. I went to
the Mec: & saw the Bss. pretty poor
mostly. but one or two goodish things
Sept Jan gave me a sense of security of
something solid & real in a shifting world.
It was the curious feeling that I'd
found what was absolutely necessary to me
in finding you & that that was
permanent. Your devoted Jean —
Kept me a Clive in Dover
the Agency for the French governess
telephone & enjoying for me all day at O.

along the backs on the pond as if she were ~~[illegible]~~ drawing mass from pan pipes. "But there dawn you know: very damp. We don't look after them as ~~they~~ we should. Let me see, what comes next? The money room. ~~No I don't think that I'll interest you.~~ ~~We never~~ I never cared for sitting there. My mother died. And it was there she received. People called. A great business was made of society. All gone. All dead. The shut the door. Dodge had only seen two chairs, facing each other, in front of where might have been a marble fireplace.

The half pend a door peeped in.

Now up again, said Mr Zwilliam. The bedroom." They mounted more stairs. Up they went to bed" she observed, as if she were telling the story of her ancestor lives. "Up. up!" A house Mr... "She said, is ~~full of interest only it~~ should be shown properly: by those who ~~are in~~ sympathy with its history; & knew it, whats more. I'm only an ignorant woman. That is, I learn what I like by heart: what I dont like I ignore. The ignorant: are those who ignore. ~~But~~ I ignore a great many things. Also I forget. I'm old. I'm ~~Excused~~ now. ~~Old women are like children,~~ playing, ~~or playing~~ fund ~~out~~ to grass... The slopped in the window, & knelt in the seat. Thats ~~a view I like.. But its~~ But its I ignore, she repeated.

On the contrary it seemed to him that she observed a great deal. Or why did she stir him to look? There was something fetful but very clear in her. The danced over the house like one of those capricious lights that passing cars shed: ~~or birds~~. ~~Sliding~~ or teen beams.

The garden was bathed in sun. The ~~shadow~~ three white pigeons had retired in the grass; as ornate as ladies in every dress, flirting, tiptoeing:

1917

Yeare ya Raid during hanging of pictures at Heals — shepherded into basement — an absurd & boring proceeding spoilt much. Gertrude came for the weekend & we had Endless talks on art. G. is really passionately an artist — a most rare & refreshing thing. He went wild over my photos & reproductions. I'm taking in the little Macarthys tomorrow for the rest of the moon. Its rather a bagineen & so seedy I hardly know how to make all the arrangements. feel as tho' I shd like someone to look after me instead of having to look after innumerable helpless ones.

Nov. I'm just packing off my flowers — 20 pictures all framed & frames painted & nailed in. Its been a fearful rush ending yesterday afternoon with me painting in my bedroom (for light) & Wally Lalla & Melian all trying to talk to me at once about their separate affairs.

The flat fields glared in front of them: green yellow blue: green blue yellow. & so on & so on: repeating the colour & the pallen till they turned to haze.

"Come!" said Mrs Swithin ~~said abruptly~~.

The spoke as if the moment had arrived.

"The addressed William Dodge who sat next her.

"I'll show you the house" she said.

Her son, with the jerk of a toy pulled suddenly straight by a string.

The House

"This is the grand staircase," said Mrs Swithin pausing at the bottom of the ~~sta~~ flight of steps. "Now we go up."

The went up two steps in advance of the guests. Lengths of silver yellow tinted satin unrolled themselves as they mounted.

"Not an ancestress, but we pretend she is" We claim her, because we've known her off & on two hundred years... Who painted her? Nobody of the least importance. But then we're not important people. ~~ourselves~~ Letter County squires, Mr... Uninteresting people. Not a peer in the family. Scarcely a Baronet. Yes, one. Anthony. ~~Of course they intermarried...~~

The lady is lovelier by moonlight. Then, Now the sun was pouring down on her. Then lovelier by moonlight... I'm sure about ancestress? I don't. Not flesh & blood I ~~mean~~ ancestress. Spirit ancestress... people one's descended from by way of the mind. I mean, poets.. ~~I was~~ I'm very loud of poetry. ~~So are you.~~ There are a few books. "She pointed. They were passing a book case such level with the wall in the passage, so that they were like ripply paper. The Drew he had

1917.

Clive & I had a very good time together — at least I enjoyed it & I think he did. We sat out & worked in the garden. I quite understand Magnan's passion for weeding. When once it get holds of you it becomes irresistible. I've really learnt to ~~Sig~~ Sig the properly at last.

June: I've done a big composition of crises. I had a good time with Goldie & Daniel at Guildford last Sunday. I wish we hadn't had that halfful O talk. I know I was irritable. The O. & if ~~only~~ I only knew see my way to get quiet of it altogether I would.

Yes Clive's articles splendid — just what I wanted said. I hope it'll make people set up. But I believe nothing will disturb the profound self-complacency of the Sylph. Lunched at Brooks yesterday & met a Canon... Good heaven what company he keeps. He quarrelled already with H G Wells over their respective Gods.

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their elegant bodies swaying on their little feet as they
ran with tiny steps upon the grass.
The seemed to drink the night; the was abreathed, as a
thirsty person drinks a tumbler of cold water. —
"There!" she exclaimed. Up they rose, & swooped round, — up
& away.
Now for the bedrooms. ~~The~~
The tabbed twice very distinctly. The waited.
One never knew, she whispered, whether ~~there's~~ its empty
there some one there." The listened. Then she
flung open the door.
~~No one!~~" ~~she laughed, as if she had expected~~
The room was empty. Candles stood on the
dreary table. The ~~sheets were~~ guilt was
drawn straight over the bed. It was a
spare room. ~~Shadow felt~~ & very shady.
A little close; merely smelling.
The ~~sank onto the bed~~ leant against the bed.
~~Sometimes~~
O'you like very over house? she asked. Imagining
~~lives~~? I think so. You're one of the people
who like house — I'm sure. Who like the sort of
room. Where, in fact, ~~my~~ many things have
happened. ~~My~~ Want I born here? I rather
think so. Born in the flesh. For, if you take my
meaning, I think we have many other lives. ~~Our~~
lives we're in others. ~~Our lives~~ Lives in him even in
Corner cupboards."
There was a great cupboard, shiny & dark, in the
Corner.
My brother & I ~~disagree~~ agree a very things:
disagree ~~a other~~. I
Her voice died away.
It ~~struck him that she was~~ He had sunk down
on the edge of the bed, tired no doubt, at her
age by all the stairs & the heat.

April 1917

Darbin. Old Scotch witch. Pipes for Grozer
hardly any water.
Copying a S France by Limabue. what I
thought weakness are really the results of a
sensibility I had never understood. A sketch
NYPL The composition is marvellous.
The whole day given up to telephones at the O
horrid little things choosing a lining for a
bedspread for a disagreeable smart lady...
interview with the drawing maker at
Welsh Coll. who came to see the
children things.
Copies of Tiantaba Esq. open May 11th.
An entertainment at the O club.
May 15 at Dulwich.. The Poussin are gorgeous
my word what a Cousin. Also the
finest Ruben in the world — & a
Guido Reni wh. I found myself
admiring seriously.
I've bought the Marchand & the Aspedistra.

May 17th Will you buy me a little wool.
The 4th is a complete frost
Did you & I remember we take
a 20 % com. on sales.